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SUB HUMAN

january 1987

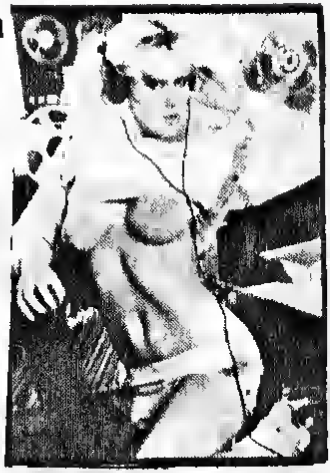
NUCLEAR WINTER ISSUE SUB-HUMAN SUB HUMAN NUCLEAR WINTER ISSUE SUB-HUMIN NO. 4 SUB HUMAN

eccentric video & film

this is our first (but actually fourth) issue printed during a nuclear winter. it's that time between christmas and new year, a faint signal from the mexican radio station combined with lots of static interference creates the atmosphere needed to slap together this rather skimpy number. sorry, we'll return to 12 in #5.....thanx to everyone who sent seasoned greetings.....hopefully, 1987 will be a great year for those of us enthusiastic over cinema subhumans! .....welcome back craig ledbetter to the hole of HI-TECH TERROR....be on the lookout for tim ferranta's upcoming zine, IMAGINE'S HORROR, INC. it promises to be something special. meanwhile, tim is offering a one-hour videocassette entitled INCREDIBLE GRINDHOUSE GOODIES featuring assorted trailers and scenes from trashbins surrounding the jersey area. get it for $15.95 postpaid to: grindhouse goodies c/o tim ferranta, po box 41, keyport n.j. 07735.....for the few who enjoyed last year's most useless and unwatchable video release, CELLULOID DISASTER, comes anthony e. flynn and dreamtime productions' newest offering entitled IMMATURITY. nuff said. i won't be sending $19.95 to dreamtime prod., po box 2116, cambridge mass, 02238 and specifying VHS or Beta.....sorry, no back issues of SUB are available from us. there are possibly some available thru DEMENTIA HORROR IMPORTS. write c/o h. bagenhammar, p.l.3016, 57400 vetlanda, sweden. they carry back issues of fanzines from all over the world. worth a look.....obituaries include desi arnaz (rickey ricardo) dead from too many cigars and fifties b-movie queen, susan cabot. the 59-year old star of such classics as SORORITY GIRL, THE WASP WOMAN and THE SAGA OF THE VIKING WOMEN AND THEIR VOYAGE TO THE WATERS OF THE GREAT SEA SERPENT was beaten to death with a metal pipe in her home. charged with the murder is her 22 year old son, Timothy Roman, who claims his mom was attacked by a ninja warrior..... well, i hope you enjoy this somewhat abbreviated installment. just wanted to mention that the cover art was done by jim smith and the back cover paperdoll cutout of myra hindley is courtesy of artist, jason knight. write the ol' boy at 3600 akers road, #36, bakersfield CA93309..... see you in march with the story on Regal Video, SCHOOLGIRLS IN CHAINS, poetry and more crazy shit

FANTASTIC IN EASTMANCOLOR

Russ Meyer's MONDO TOPLESS



Reviewed By Kris Gilpin

Filmed in 1966 by the great sex (and later sex & violence) meister Russ Meyer, **Mondo Topless** is available on Meyer's own R.M. International video label, and it's just what it would appear to be: a colorful, 60-minute non-stop barrage of 15 go-go dancers (remember that term?) thrusting their bare breasts in front of the camera lens. They dance for you (always having a portable radio nearby) in mostly outdoor and beach locales, and also in a couple strip joints (without an audience).

Meyer has always shot very pretty pictures (his stuff has some real class to it; I've always loved his work) and laced a lot of his films with humorous, purposefully overblown narration. For instance, **Mondo Topless** begins with a huge-breasted blonde "driving" through the streets of San Francisco topless as, over scenic shots, a crazed narrator salivates, "Situated on precipitous peaks of yawning canyons, precariously poised on the tip of a peninsula, San Francisco thrusts itself into the bosom of the Pacific!" (How many sexual references could you count in that sentence, boys and girls?) Fittingly, the flick opens with the sign "Twin Peaks" in close-up, as the spitting voice-over tells us of "San Francisco's bulging peaks and deep canyons" and the Coit Tower, "a yawning orifice, thrusting its bulk majestically to the sky."

Breasts of different shapes and sizes (mostly large ones, as is Meyer's infatuation) are then displayed for the camera, as two or three minutes are spent on each dancer, along with their voice-over comments on their profession at the time. Along with the usual excellent camerawork, Meyer's editing is set at a rapid-fire pace; the combination of the two would later come to make hits out of such Meyer blood & fuck epics as **Cherry; Harry & Raquel; Beyond the Valley of the Dolls; Supervixens** and **Up!**

As for **Mondo Topless**, see (the narrator drones) "Danielle's Dance of the Muff!" as we swish-wipe from one go-go girl to another (the blonde in the barn was the cutest, I thought).

Would an hour of the stuff tend to get boring after a while? you might be asking. Sure it would. But if you've a Russ Meyer-like breast fetish, you could probably happily overdose on flesh with **Mondo Topless.**

BEHOLD these double D's

See the "BUXOTICS"!
FANTASTIC WOMEN • FANTASTIC DANCES
You've only dreamed about these kind of women
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BEHOLD!
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THIS IS A MOVIE YOU'LL WANT TO SEE 3 TIMES!

Bulging Ladies

BE FIRST TO ADMIT YOU SAW IT

Blue Velvet FORUM

I think BLUE VELVET is the greatest film of the Eighties. Has David Lynch put his disease in me? No film since ERASERHEAD (his only other project done with total artistic control) has left such an enduring aftertaste; a craving to re-experience an experience. Hell, the billowing curtain of blue velvet breathing during the opening credits lets on that you're gazing at somethin' that's alive! Radiating an intuitive aura that makes each participant's reactions exclusive, BLUE VELVET has become the hip hit of '86...in fact, I momentarily questioned it's consideration for mention in SUB after considerable mention in mainstream press. But with the contracts of the excellent David Chute analysis in FILM COMMENT (October '86) to the cliche' spewing walrus, Bill Harris & Miss Thing, Rex Reed, putting it on their 10 Worst Films List; I was reassured of a justifiable inclusion. Seldom do you find a film that is so much: a psycho drama and a comedy, a film noir/artfilm seasoned with sleaze and topped with 50's TV sitcom dialog. However, I felt that there was really no need for another single-minded review of this phenomenon---no way! VELVET is a creation that warrents discussion and varied opinion. What I propose is a BLUE VELVET FORUM!!! Yes subhumanoids, space to publicly post your individual bout with BV and compare them with those of correspondents from around the fucking globe. Mail your thoughts care of : Subhuman BV Forum, c/o Cecil Doyle, 1509 West Saint Mary Blvd, Lafayette Louisiana 70506. Then look for the results in the next issue (or however long it continues). Who knows, someone may trigger thoughts you hadn't encountered? Here are a few introductory opinions to get the ball rolling:

"BLUE VELVET: the story of a naive young man who discovers that even the Robins of Love have gotta eat. Said flick is brilliant in utilising Fifties'pop ballads as herbringers of foreboding and perversity, a precedent set long before the Velvet Underground and the Doors began to cover this now well-trod ground. I especially like the scene with Dennis Hopper and Dean Stockwell in the bizarre brothel (just what was on that davenport?) spouting strange poetry in a surreal code only to have it revealed in the next instant as lyrics to a mundane love song. That got the biggest laugh. I was the only one who seemed to get the central joke of the film---just as important as the meaning of the title of ERASERHEAD---with the hysterical Isabella Rossellini strapped to the ambulance dolly, being force-fed oxygen. In BLUE VELVET's alternate universe, the air, as ingested by the supreme villian Hopper throughout the course of the story, is the biggest and most deadly narcotic of all!!! "

— Greg Goodsell
Bakersfield, CA

"Dennis Hopper says 'Fuck' better than anybody I've ever heard".

— Dawn Doyle
Lafayette, LA

"It's a strange world".

— David "Haynie" LaCoq
Earth

What do YOU think of BLUE VELVET?

Blue Velvet

"One of the ten best films of the year."
– Richard Schickel, TIME MAGAZINE

"A crazy all-American classic."
– Vincent Canby, NEW YORK TIMES

"Best Director of '86"
– LOS ANGELES FILM CRITICS

"Top ten list for '86."
– NEW YORK FILM CRITICS

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WRITE FOR OUR CATALOG OF AVANT GARDE CINEMA, LIVING THEATRE, ART, BIOGRAPHY AND SPIRITUAL VIDEOS

MESSIAH OF EVIL

by Greg Goodsell

It's 1977 and I'm a high school junior in first period study hall. We're just killing time watching the day begin as the other students and teachers rush to learn about Applied Trigonometry and the Monroe Doctrine, things that will have a profound effect on us in our later years.

There's this girl, Stacey. She's a mean, hard-drinking, hard-partying rock-n-roll "type". I'm a little goody two-shoes Campus Life "type". I'm attracted to her in spite of her biker tattoos on her hands. She's a pretty young girl, with a sweetness that belies her set high school "type". And we are drawn together by an interest that transcends our narrow, inherently worthless cliques--we both dig horror movies. One Stacey puts at the top of her long list is a frequent Drive-In second feature I've missed, **Messaih of Evil.** "Y' know **Night of the Living Dead**? Well, it's just like that, only modernized and even better!"

Messiah of Evil: known ostentatiously as **The Second Coming** while in production and **Revenge of the Screaming Dead** in its millionth grindhouse run, was the calling card of the husband-wife screenwriting-directing team Willard Huyck and Gloria Katz prior to their sucesses with **American Graffiti** and **Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom.** Shot in 1972 and rushed to screens in 1974 to capitalize on the couples' notoriety with the **Graffiti** craze, **Messiah of Evil** was met with overwhelming critical condemnation. Lesbian feminist film critic for the *Los Angeles Times* Sheila Benson--invariably assigned to review all exploitation films, called **Messiah** "rotton to the core . . . Huyck and Katz probably are hanging their heads in shame over this one." In contrast, the European volume *Vampire In Films* lavished praise upon it, declaring **Messiah** "revelatory and brilliant," a sign that the genre was moving forward in making strides as a medium for expressing societal conditions. Clearly, there was something going on here.

Finally caught it on tape thanks to Video Gems and I wasn't disappointed. Whatever notion of quality one brings to it, there is no denying **Messiah of Evil** is a dazzling and bizarre treat from start to finish . . . totally unique in the annals of cinema. A plot description would not give justice to its wholly original texture and visuals. A slim storyline follows.

A young woman receives letters from her father indicating that he is losing touch with reality. A surrealist painter, he finds the small California coastal town in which he lives, Dune Point ("no different from any other stucco-neon town on the map") closing in around him with malign certainty. She heads towards Dune Point, a sterile and efficient bamlet with shiny storefronts and residences inhabited soley by aging, resentful retirees. Her father's lighthouse studio is deserted; the only record of his being there a diary that progressively records his descent into paranoia.

The studio lighthouse is the focal point of the film's action, an astonishing visual setpiece; the large walls serve as canvases for enormous pop art murals depicting life in Dune Point. Escalators, parking lots, convenience stores, streetlights, tract housing, and the omnipresent old people . . . glaring, waiting, bereft of make-up and artifice, infinitely more terrifying than any of Rornized and even better!"

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. . .continued next page. . .

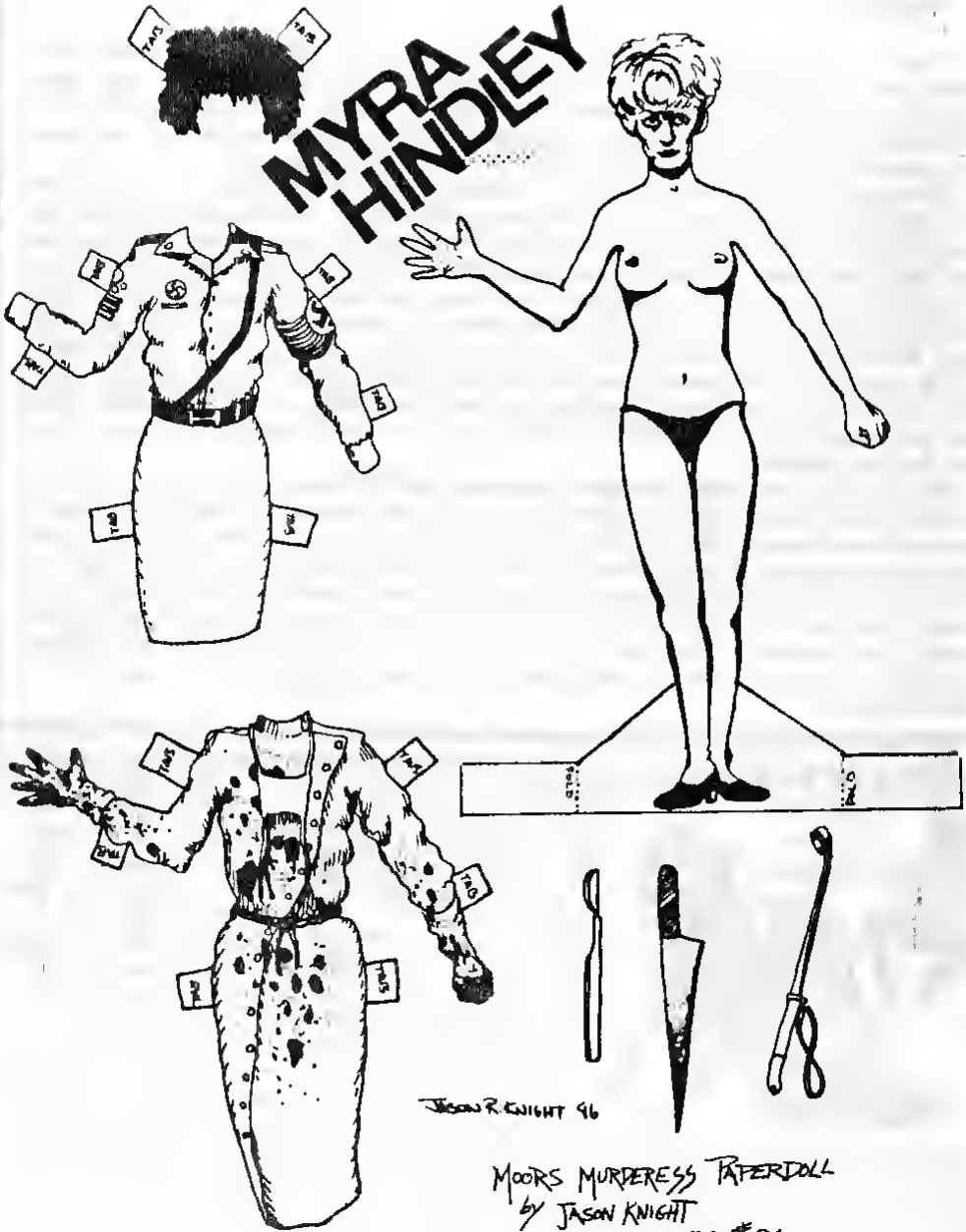
messiah...cont...

When Romero sued distributors for stealing his ad-line for **Dawn of the Dead** ("When there is no more room in Hell, the dead will walk the Earth") during **Messaih's** seventh or eighth run, now billed as **Dead People**, one likes to think he was clouding the issue that this scene foreshadowed his approach to **Dawn** by a good seven years! We're all coosumers in a ghastly, pre-ordained food chain is the film's overriding message.

Critics may have disliked the film for it's studied, artsy approach so absurd in the context of a Drive-In horror thriller. In a way, **Messaih of Evil** works as a strange form of therapy--Huyck and Katz take the narcissitic, self-involved people so popular in serious films such as **Play It As It Lays, L'Aventura,** and **Annie Hall** and has them eaten by zombies. It's not a perfect film or even a conventionally good one--there are many unintentional laughs brought on by the nervous, novice filmakers striving to make this living dead spooker "high art". Elisha Cook, Jr. in his routine crazy old man role, is framed self-consciously with a blank television set in a motel room while he unspools crazy stories to the rich jet-setters. The only art dealer in town is both blind and deaf. The acting, editiog, and special effects (no gore, tears of blood and vomit containing insects and lizards very unconvincingly done) are far from polished.

And yet there is an elegaic quality to **Messiah of Evil** that makes it so special in obscure horror cinema. Framed **Cabinet on Dr. Caligari**-style with the female protagonist in a mental institution recounting the action in flashbacks, it leaves the viewer with the unique option that maybe the story IS the product of a damaged or overly sensitive mind. What happened to Dune Point--merely the systematic progressioo of the modern world as perceived by the aware or artisitic individual. "The plague will sooo spread beyond its gates, engulfing mankind." Such movies like these are worth seeking out for their fresh approaches to standard material--or in my own personal case, bringing desperate yet kindered souls together for a shared vision.

Time egain to look et what's new to view. Judging from this list, it appears compilation videos ere the order of the seeson. Check it out as Rhino goes spashit with releases like COMMERCIAL MANIA (TV ads from the 50's & 60's), COUCH POTATO CLASSICS VOLS.I&II (more classic commercials, PSA's end other nostalgic tidbits), SLEAZEMANIA VOL.3 (even more incredibla trailers) and VENICE BEACH CONFIDENTIAL (e documentary on the famous loitering capital with chainsaw jugglers, roller maniacs and assortad eccentrics)...Lightning Video adds BAD GIRLS IN THE MOVIES, e fast paced look et e subject dear to the heart of this publication...New World has unleashed the Australian release few of us got to see this year, DEAD END DRIVE-IN...A woman gouges the eye out of an artist with e spoon (pretty artistic in itself) thus leading to e life devoted to revenge on the female population. Such is the premise to HEADLESS EYES from the guys at Wizard...Martial arts star, Jac Fong stars with Troy (THE LOVE THRILL MURDERS) Donahue end Cameron Mitchell in e San Francisco action thriller aptly titled LOW BLOW. From Vestron...Magnum Video strikes egain with SHOCK BOX 2. This one features CAMPS OF DEATH & SHOCKING ASIA II...Look for the release of the infamous pairing of Orson Welles with 50's exploitation king, Albert Zugsmith on MCA. Welles is the sleazy Mexican bordertown police cheif, Charlton Heston plays e wetback narc end Janet Laigh, his wife who becomes the victim to a gang of partying south-of-the-border junkies. Why we're talkin' bout TOUCH OF EVIL... Finally, Camp Video offers the long awaited release of H.G.Lewis' THE PSYCHIC. Wickedly evil



MOORS MURDERESS PAPERDOLL
by JASON KNIGHT
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